In Remembrance of

Jane Inez Scheyer Wilson



June 12, 1916 – February 14, 2006

Obituary (published in *The Ithaca Journal* February 16, 2006)

ITHACA — She was an author, a teacher, a mother and the 'first lady of Fermilab.' Such are among the roles for which Jane Inez Scheyer Wilson will be remembered. Wilson, 89, died Tuesday at Kendal at Ithaca.

A memorable person in her own right, Wilson was the widow of Robert R. Wilson, the experimental physicist who designed some of the world's most powerful particle accelerators used to study the fundamental nature of matter — and for whom Cornell's Wilson Synchrotron Laboratory is named. He died in 2000.

According to her son, Rand Wilson, Jane Wilson was born in San Francisco on June 12, 1916. She was the older daughter of Felix and Flora Scheyer, who ran a small dry goods store on Arguello Boulevard.

A top honors student at Lowell High School, she continued her studies at the University of California at Berkeley. While a student there, she met Robert Wilson, a physics graduate student. They married on Aug. 20, 1940. The newly wed couple moved briefly to Princeton, N.J., where Robert had accepted his first appointment as a physics instructor at its namesake university.

During World War II, Robert was recruited to join the Manhattan Project in Los Alamos, N.M. to develop the first atomic bomb. Jane taught English at Los Alamos High School and soon made significant cultural, social and intellectual contributions to that frontier community in its formative years, her son said.

In 1947, the couple settled in Ithaca, where Robert was appointed director of Cornell's Laboratory of Nuclear Studies. While raising three sons, Jane wrote occasional articles, reviewed books and began composing poetry. Jane was a member of the Ithaca Garden Club and her backyard rock garden was often featured on the club's annual garden tour.

After Robert became director of The Enrico Fermi National Accelerator Laboratory (Fermilab) in 1967, they moved to Chicago; and later, when the site was ready, to a farmhouse on the

laboratory property near Batavia, Ill. At Fermilab Jane was known for her distinctive charm and wit. She used her position as "first lady" and honorary president of the lab's women's organization to encourage many of its cultural, social and intellectual initiatives.

Throughout the late 1960s and '70s, Jane was book editor and a frequent contributor to the "Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists." She edited two books, "Alamogordo Plus Twenty Five Years" and "All in Our Time." The Wilsons returned to Cornell and Ithaca in 1982.

In her later years, Jane began to take her life-long penchant for writing poetry more seriously. In 1991, on the occasion of her 75th birthday, she self-published 60 of her poems in a volume titled "Verse Terse and What's Worse: Some Love Poems."

Jane is survived by her three sons, Daniel Rathbun Wilson of Zionsville, Ind., Jonathan Harris Wilson of Columbus, Ind., and Rand Embree Wilson of Somerville, Mass., and several grandchildren. In addition to her husband, she was preceded in death by her younger sister Joan Zentner. Arrangements for a memorial service and interment are pending.

Poems by Jane Wilson

50th Wedding Anniversary

Oh no! It cannot be
That I am I and he is he!
We're not the folk I used to know.
Time goes too fast,
And we're too slow
And a little deaf
And a little blind
A trifle fuzzy in the mind.
Where did that clever couple go?
Scratch a fat man and within
They say there is a man who's thin.
Perhaps beneath the wrinkled skin
Of this gray and aged pair
Some element of youth sleeps there.

A Grandson Held My Hand

Reach out once more that tiny hand How strong, how sure the grip! In the grasping, in the very act We, the extremes make a kind of pact Of youth and age in fellowship.

My winter meets your early spring You "crawl to maturity" while I, Resigned to what my years will bring, Bless beads of being on a twisted string Knowing certain threads don't die. As one life ends, there's life anew Some scraps of me are sewn in you.

Reach out once more that tiny hand We're bound, thank God, by a double strand.

Photos of Jane Wilson

Remembrances from Friends

Ned Goldwasser

In March of 1967 Bob Wilson phoned and asked me to accept a position of unspecified description at the soon to be National Accelerator Laboratory. I accepted on the phone, and Bob invited me to come to Cornell so that he and I could figure out what he was offering and what I was accepting. I went, and after we had spent the better part of a day discussing the unknown he indicated that now was to come the most serious part of my visit. Jane was in the hospital, recuperating from minor surgery, and the next step was for us to go to the hospital so that she and I could meet. I had the distinct impression that if the visit didn't go well he might simply withdraw the offer.

Even in a hospital bed I found Jane a warm, bright, sharp-tongued person who seemed quite ready and able to speak her mind about anything and everything. We hit it off very well right from the start. I thought, as Humphrey Bogart famously puts it to Claud Raines, that "this is the beginning of a beautiful friendship" ---- and it was.

Jane, Bob, Lizie and I spent ten years together in the throes of the great adventure of turning thousands of acres of Illinois corn fields into a major research laboratory, an institution and a community. Jane gave unstintingly of her time, her energy, her hospitality, her spirit, her intellect and her taste in a successful effort to humanize all facets of the adventure that has become Fermilab.

For Lizie and me, our friendship with Jane and Bob was a highpoint in our years at Fermilab. During those years and afterwards Lizie and I usually joined Jane and Bob for a week in March that spanned both Bob's and my birthdays. The last of those celebrations was just two weeks before Bob's stroke. At other times we went to the theatre and opera together and traveled in Europe together at

conferences and on our own. It was an intense relationship and Jane's wit and wisdom were always center stage.

After Bob's death we continued to visit Jane at Kendal and watched her "joie de vivre" struggle with unrelenting physical problems. During those years it was the day-to- day attention of her many deeply devoted friends topped by the satisfaction of keeping up with her three sons and their families that fed her will to cling to life longer than any of her doctors expected.

Judy Schramm

Irreverent, saucy, intelligent, humorous, generous, kind – these words come to mind when I think of Jane.

In 1973, when I started working for Bob Wilson, Jane terrified me and I knew that she didn't like me very much. She'd make little comments like, "your skirt is pretty short, isn't it?" or "a little too much rouge on today, don't you think?" But as we got to know each other, a very strong bond formed between us and I sensed that she trusted me and appreciated my help.

She'd send me into peals of laughter when she would call and say, in her deep voice, "what's the old man doing?" or "tell Bobby to get home- we have guests here for cocktails!" She adored Bob and the feeling was mutual.

Jane was the life of the party and I'll never forget her standing on a table at a PAC party in Aspen, with a bottle of wine in one hand, and a cigarette in the other, trying to make an announcement! She did get everyone's attention.

The last time that I saw Jane was in November of 1997. My husband, David Schramm, and I spent a week at Cornell, and we visited with Jane and Bob often. David and I took Jane out a couple of times and she and I took some little walks. She loved to talk and I loved to listen, as she was very wise. Less than a month later, when David died, she called me in tears. "Oh Judy, he was too young – it should have been Bobby or me." She offered to help me in any way – financially or otherwise – and she meant it.

We kept in touch by phone in the years since. Jane even called me when John Kennedy, Jr. died in a plane crash. She said that it was so sad that I had to go through that pain again. That is how thoughtful she was! She was always eager to hear any news or "gossip" and I always came away from our phone calls having received a new bit of advice. Jane had a wonderful mind and a great spirit. Knowing that I cannot pick up the phone and call Jane makes me very sad. I will miss her.

Jean Lemke

During the last years that Dr. Wilson was a consultant to Fermilab, Mrs. Wilson and I had the responsibility of getting her "Bobby" from New York to Chicago and back. Mrs. Wilson acted as his travel agent. I was always amazed how she managed to get the lowest airfare from New York to Chicago. She was always so concerned about spending Fermilab's money. I loved to hear her say, "Jean, Bobby is arriving on Flight XXX at XXX time." Her love for her "Bobby" was so surreal.

It was those conversations that I shared with Mrs. Wilson that I shall forever cherish. She was always so happy to hear my voice when I would phone her. Her love for the "Fermilab Family" was so evident whenever I spoke to her.

Two of my most wonderful memories are of events which I was privileged to share with Mrs. Wilson: Dr. & Mrs. Wilson's 50th Wedding Anniversary party and Dr. Wilson's 80th Birthday party.

She was always so thankful for my help as evidenced by the poem she wrote upon my retirement from Fermilab:

For thirty years on the second floor Jean did her best - and a little bit more How did she manage to do so much? The secret of her loving touch.

I believe the secret, to those of us who were the "pioneers" of Fermilab, was Mrs. Wilson's love and encouragement that helped all of us at one time to do so much.

Linc Read

I first met Jane Wilson when I went to Cornell in 1965. In 1967, the Reads and the Wilsons both moved from Ithaca, NY to northeast Illinois at about the same time. Jane was incredibly generous and kind to me on so many, many occasions in my years at Fermilab. For example, in late 1967, as soon as she realized that I would have a hard time to afford my first home purchase, Jane promptly wrote me a check for a substantial sum of money, at zero interest rate, and no date specified for repayment! We were thus able to buy the home we wanted to buy -- and I repaid her unbelievably generous loan some time in 1968. Thanks to Jackie Coleman, I was happy to be able to phone Jane and talk with her on her birthday, as recently as two years ago -- but not last year, sadly. For me, there has only ever been one person remotely like Jane Wilson in my entire life -- Jane herself: what a wonderful and constant friend and mentor she was!"

Saundra Poces

In the early days of the lab many of us were less than enthusiatic about moving to Batavia. Jane Wilson was a warm, welcoming force at NAL. She got to know us at the Friday lunches, opened her home to us for the NALWO teas and went with us on excursions to Chicago. In her role as Director's wife she made decisions that were both frugal and creative. The table decorations at the dedication of the lab in 1974 were blooming wild violets in pots at each table (Jane's suggestion). Dedicated volunteers had dug up the plants and potted them that morning. I remember Jane's sense of humor, her intelligence and her honest and direct comments. Some of my best memories of Jane were when she would tell stories of the days at Los Alamos. I felt as if I was in the lap of recent history. Jane was special!

Nancy Carrigan

I thought Jane larger than life when I first met her, and she remains so in my memory thirty-eight years later. Yet she was a gracious and caring friend. I remember that unmistakable voice on the phone in the early days. "It's Jane. Get your trowel. Another garden's being bulldozed." And we would meet at whatever old farm was being razed and dig up boxes of endangered perennials to be replanted at the farmhouse that had become her new home. When Dick was robbed late one evening in Manhattan, she not only helped me wire him some cash, but laughed when she told me that Western Union had awakened her at midnight to ask if he had given the right answer to an identifying question. Most people never knew of her quiet kindness, but it and her more well-known contributions (The Auditorium Arts and Lecture

series, NALWO, the teas for lab wives, and much more) have left a lasting mark on those of us in the Fermilab family who were lucky enough to have known her.

Liz Quigg

You could count on Jane Wilson to be frank so you knew where you stood with her. In 1972, two weeks after my son was born we spent four months at Fermilab. NALWO had weekly bag luncheons in the Users Center where the kitchen is now. Jane, Liza Goldwasser, Nancy Carrigan, and Saundra Cox were usually there and very good company to a new mother in a new place. Jane was tolerant of young David and occasionally had some advice. I enjoyed her tales of San Francisco and Berkeley from which I had moved only two years before. She told me of taking the ferry to get to Berkeley. There was no bridge or BART in those days. Two years after we visited, we moved permanently to Fermilab and I resumed my friendship with Jane. She and Marianne Lee had the same birthday as my daughter who was born in 1976. I enjoyed seeing Jane frequently onsite. When she moved back to Ithaca I saw her mainly when she came back to Fermilab with Bob for a visit. I enjoyed a visit with her in their home in Ithaca when Chris was teaching at Cornell for a semester. In every conversation, you knew "Bobby" was the love of her life. His decline and death were devastating for her, but how lucky she was to have fifty nine years of marriage to him.

Trish MacLachlan

Much of the unique character of Fermilab today is widely appreciated as part of the Wilson legacy of which Jane is an inseparable but individual part. Her role in the formation of the Arts and Lecture Series and NALWO are deservedly recognized as was her talent as a crafter of words and respected opinions.

All this seems very abstract to one for whom Jane became a dear friend, older advisor, and companion in shared interests after I arrived here as a young mother fresh out of graduate school in what I feared to be a wasteland compared to the Ivy League environment I had left behind. NALWO was a refuge for the newcomers who had settled in the diverse communities surrounding the Lab site and Jane was at its center. Children were always welcome and, for me, Jane was a source of motherly advice and intellectual stimulation. We also discovered that we were both plant freaks.

Plants and other mutual interests became the reasons for expeditions that I found as gratifying for the conversation during those trips as the destinations themselves. Her tales of Los Alamos were fascinating, especially for a freshly minted historian of science, and for Jane, as well as the many lasting friends she made there, I think the memories of those times filled a space in her memory as large as that usually devoted to childhood. She was clever with her investments and ever the frugal domestic economist relishing a bargain but generous in sharing the secrets of her culinary accomplishments. I relished her deliciously acid wit and her equally tender devotion to "Bobby."

When Jane returned with Bob to her beloved garden and friends in Ithaca, she left a personal void in my life. And while she is now gone for good, those of us who loved her in the founding days of the Lab still see her in the culture we enjoy today and try in our own small ways to perpetuate her efforts in offering a welcoming hand to newcomers to the now restored prairie and a far richer cultural life than we found here when Jane Wilson began establishing her role as Founding Mother.

Rich Orr

Jane was a real influence on me although she would probably say that she had failed to make much of an impression. I know that I drove her nuts by taking Bob on motorcycle rides. She also gave lots of good advice, some of which I was able to follow.

Stanka Jovanovic

Jane Wilson, wife of Robert R. Wilson, founding Director of Fermilab, was a financial wizard. She believed that very few physicists and their wives knew much about family finance. So, when a large number of physicists and their spouses were in Snowmass, Colorado, at the 1982 Future of High-Energy Physics Workshop, Jane asked Judith Garelick, another spouse who was also a financial adviser from Boston, Massachusetts, to educate the rest of us on family finances. Jane invited us all for coffee and had Judith make a presentation to us. I could not believe half of what I heard that day. There would not be a government pension when we retired. We had to save and to manage our own retirement fund, and one should invest the savings and not keep the funds in a checking account. Judith showed us how to analyze and plan our family finances. Most all of it was news to me.

Judith offered to do a financial analysis for free for anyone present. I signed up, and with her advice I ended up investing into an IRA mutual fund, a term life insurance and a savings certificate. Once back home in Downers Grove I promptly signed up for a College of DuPage extension course in family finance held at Downers Grove North High School. I also attended a seminar on income tax at the Downers Grove Library. A few days later I hired Charles Zapotocky, who was one of the seminar speakers, to do our income tax returns and he has been doing them ever since.

I was fifty-one years old when I learned how one is supposed to take care of the financial health of one's family. I told Drasko I was taking over the management of our finances. Drasko could not be happier. It was a burden he had no interest in. The ultimate result was that by the time we retired in the mid-nineties we had enough money to live comfortably. Thanks to the stock market boom in the 1990s, we also had enough money to finance both Tom and Jasna's, and Vesna's homes. We were able to help Tom and Jasna buy their lake cottage. We bought Vesna a new car when she graduated from medical school. We also had enough money to afford to buy our condo on Hutchinson Island in Florida.

And all of this was thanks to Jane Wilson and her concerns for the financial well being of the physicists' families.

Marge Bardeen

I'd just like to say, "Thank you!" to Jane for helping create a wonderful environment for the families who followed their physicist to Fermilab. Over the past 20 years I have spent enough time with my colleagues from other labs to recognize what a special place Fermilab is to work and play. Jane had a lot to do with that.

Adrienne Kolb

I met Jane Wilson in May 1985, during a URA Board of Trustees meeting at Fermilab. In those pre-Board of Overseers days, spouses of URA Trustees were invited to accompany the Trustees for a day of their own activities while the Trustees met at the Lab. Fermilab was new to me. I had moved here from Los Alamos in late 1983 with my husband, Rocky, and our three children. I was working part-time

for the Directorate in the 3rd floor History Room and my day off with the Trustees' wives was a real treat! The ladies assembled for coffee and pastries at the on-site farmhouse of hosts Ellen and Leon Lederman. Each had their own fantastic stories and experiences but I was in awe of the witty, petite, bespectacled brunette at the center of the group, Jane Wilson. She was, after all, the wife of Fermilab's founder, Robert R. Wilson, a hero of the Manhattan Project. I had learned about both Bob and Jane in Los Alamos; they were legendary participants in that historic moment of American science and I deeply respected their contributions. As we became acquainted that day and through the subsequent years I learned so much from Jane--about Los Alamos, the historic frontier town we had just left to come to this new one at Fermilab, about friends we both knew and places we'd been, about physicist-husbands as fathers, about Cornell and Berkeley, the Main Ring, Energy Doubler, and the SSC. Jane was very generous with me, spending her time and sharing her wisdom, like a dear aunt teaching me and bridging the generations. It was always a pleasure to see Jane at Fermilab, her home on the prairie. Her urbane wit, gentility, and warmth brought people together.

The first time I went to Ithaca, NY was for the 1991 Enrico Fermi celebration and I shared a hotel room with Nella Fermi. I, unfortunately, had an eye infection but Jane, Nella, and Rose Bethe saw that I received some tender, loving, medical attention. Dinner at the Wilson home that evening, overlooking their waterfall, included many of their old friends from the war years including Harold Agnew and Viki Weisskopf, and their neighbor Carl Sagan. What an evening! They were, as they had been at Fermilab, marvelous hosts! My next trip to Ithaca was in 1994 for Bob's 80th birthday, another fabulous affair with many colorful, historic physics personalities including Hans Bethe, Phillip Morrison, Robert Serber, and Norman Ramsey, paying tribute to both Bob and Jane.

Sadly, my next trip to Ithaca was after Bob's stroke in 1996. This was such a difficult time of transition for the family. As they sold their home to move into Kendal, Jane settled into an apartment upstairs, apart from Bob's room downstairs. I tried to be of some help sorting Bob's papers and historic collections from their home and his offices (with Cornell's archivist Elaine Engst). Before leaving, Jane and I enjoyed an outing for lunch and a walk in the woods outside of Ithaca but her health was also failing.

Jane used to say that Ithaca's winters were even worse than Fermilab's. After Bob's death in January, 2000 I attended Cornell's moving and impressive memorial to Bob. But Jane's heart ached for months and she did not have the strength to make the trip back to Illinois for his memorial at Fermilab in May.

My last trip to see Jane was in October 2004 when I drove down to Ithaca from Rochester. Jane had told me about their glorious fall season and I finally got to see it. She was then in Kendal's round-the-clock care and we visited for a few hours. Her mood was improved, her memory was still good, and her stories of the old days were still funny.

I am grateful for Jane's friendship and fortunate to have these memories. Jane Wilson's generosity and flair will be with me for a long time.

Jackie Coleman

I was totally intimidated by Mrs. Wilson when I started working in the Director's Office at age 18, although I don't believe that was ever her intention or doing. She was a very smart, well-educated woman, self-confident, definitely unconventional. She was also very matter-of-fact and direct, with a sharp wit, and you had to be on your toes – I didn't want to say anything dumb!

I had great respect for both Dr. and Mrs. Wilson, and it was an honor for Rick and me that they attended our wedding, which happened to be on Mrs. Wilson's birthday. I was very sad when the Wilsons left Fermilab, and it was always a pleasure to see them when they visited for meetings or celebrations. They loved Fermilab so very much. I started keeping in touch with them after Jean Lemke retired, and Mrs. Wilson's first words were *always*, "Hello, Jackie, How are things at Fermilab?"

In fall of 2000, I went to visit Mrs. Wilson at Kendal in Ithaca. Dr. Wilson had died in January, and I knew she missed him terribly. I wanted her to know that we at Fermilab had not forgotten her. Mrs. RRW thought I was crazy to drive from Batavia to Ithaca on Friday, stay with her Saturday, and drive back to Batavia on Sunday, but I know she was very pleased. We chatted about everything and everybody, went to Pizza Hut for lunch, took a drive to see the magnificent colors of the trees, and had dinner together, and that became our pattern every year through this past fall. She showed me the beauty of Ithaca, including Taughannock Falls and the arboretum at Cornell. I took her news from Fermilab and greetings from many friends.

Mrs. Wilson was a very wise woman, and I enjoyed our visits immensely. I only wish we were closer geographically so that, like "My Tuesdays with Morrie," "My Visits with Mrs. RRW" could have been more frequent. It meant a lot to me that our relationship had evolved to become one of friendship, but I could never address her by first name. She was very thoughtful and would send me a fruitcake or box of See's chocolates every year at Christmastime – the message on the card changed over the years from "Merry Christmas, Jane Wilson" to "Affectionately, Jane Wilson", and finally this year, it was "Love, Jane." I could never call her Jane, but I can call her a very dear friend whom I will miss greatly.

Dick Wilson

I was one of the many physicists who knew Jane through Bob. I don't know when we first met. Probably at the first "Journal Club" at Cornell about 1957. Bob usually invited me to his home above Cascadilla creek, where Jane was always a marvelous and interesting hostess. I had read the Bulletin of Atomic Scientists many times before I realized that Jane was an editor. When I took my family out west in 1973, and stopped for a few days in Fermilab (to work in the muon lab) Jane invited our two girls, Elaine and Annette to stay with them while the rest of us used the Best Western. (our youngest, Peter, of course now works on CDF and lives in Batavia). Jane had a wry sense of humor. "I married Bob for better or for worse" she once told us. "And it has been down hill all the way. From Princeton, first exiled to Los Alamos, then Cambridge MA, then Ithaca and now Batavia". But she loved her house in Ithaca and made Fermilab a place where anyone can live. I visit Ithaca less frequently now, and so only occasionally saw her in Kendal - the last time about 2 years ago.

Brenda Kirk

As I read through the wonderful tributes to Jane, I thought that she was everything that was said about her. We are all filled with our "Jane Stories"! What a wonderful, witty, acerbic, faithful and interesting friend we had in Jane Wilson. I met Jane shortly after I married Tom, and she had a dinner to help Bob entice Tom to join Fermilab. At first meeting, I would never have guessed that Jane and I would become such good friends because she was always telling me what to do, and I did not appreciate that. However, we did become great friends, and Tom and I visited both Bob and Jane through the years. We had already planned on dropping in to see her in early April (it probably would have been April Fool's Day) as we drive west to our new home in Colorado. The last time we stopped, she was giving the nurse a hard time because her baked potato wasn't prepared properly, and she told me she needed one of my meals. Jane will always live in the hearts of those of us who knew and loved her.

Angela Gonzales

When I came to dinner for the first time, as a former European I felt obliged to bring a present (chocolates, flowers or bottle). Near the place where I lived was a large empty lot, where my daughter and I played "tropical forest." The forest trees were seven-foot-tall thickets of wild sunflowers. I picked a large bouquet of them, but when I arrived at Jane and Robert's house the sunflowers were drooping. Jane arranged them in a vase with water and said: "Wildflowers are unpredictable." With these words she turned the sunflowers into wild lions.

The house was brown on the outside and white inside. It was most remarkable that it was built over an abyss, next to a waterfall. Jane raised three sons there, where the garden full of flowers ended not with a fence but with an abyss. Was there a woman in mythology who raised three sons next to a chasm and a waterfall?

There were sculptures (Robert's) in the house. When a delicious meal was served, something like a beef bourguignon, a perfectly shaped small mushroom with cap and stem spilled onto the white tablecloth. It was dark brown and looked carved from wood and polished. I never succeeded in getting any mushroom to look dark brown and polished, even though I tried many times.

Even though Jane appeared "down to earth and practical," and was, she also was a romantic person. I painted a painting for her. She named it "moonlight."

Many years later Robert came to my desk at Fermilab and left a poem by Jane: "A Souvenir Hunter Outside the Tomb of Chien Lung." It was a new poem and Robert was proud of it. It was the first time I read one of Jane's poems. This poem was not an "outpouring of feelings," not "a way with words," or "knows how to use adjectives." It was literature. One of my favorite poems "Minerva and Arachne" is always present when I am confronted with the inevitable "silk in my house"; I either think of Arachne, Minerva or Jane. The poems become part of life and experience in the sense of classical literature. Soon after I received the poem, I used it in an "Annual Report." Later, when I collected some valuable lectures from Adrienne Kolb's archives to make each into a "Golden Book," some of Jane's poems became a Golden Book. She named it "Songs of Too Much Experience."

When I arrived in the USA, I had escaped a warm and intense intellectual nest. Both parents were painters and persecuted by the Nazis. My father was a teacher in art schools and universities in pre-Nazi Germany and Colombia, South America, as well as after the war in Germany again. I was very lucky to come to work at Newman Lab in Cornell University and eventually meet Robert and Jane and physics.

I discovered that the intellectual climate there was quite identical to the one I left. I did not have to change very much to adjust. I was very lucky to have met Jane and Robert and physics. They are my America and I am still a painter.

Liz Fowler

My two teen-aged children and I came reluctantly to Illinois in 1970. There we met Jane Wilson who welcomed us with great warmth and humor. She opened her home to us, introduced us to many Fermilab families, showed us interesting things on the Lab site and in the Chicago area.

Jane introduced me to Jane McDaniel, who came every day to my school library as a volunteer. The two Janes and I had many happy times together – very special memories.



She loved orchids.

If you'd like to contribute to this page, please e-mail jackiec@fnal.gov.

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